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## LITERARY (AND OTHER) GOSSIP.

In the sale of the engravings belonging to the late Hon. R. Pole Carew, by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, the following, by Martin Schöngauer, produced the prices mentioned: The Crucifixion, 85*l.*; another, 41*l.*; Christ bearing the Cross, 27*l.*; The Almighty Enthroned, an angel on either side, 87*l.*; The Crucifixion, with the Virgin and St. John, 16*l.*; Heads of Angels, by Toschi, after Correggio, 15*l.*; Two Cavaliers engaged in Combat, by Israel Van Mecklen, 17*l.* 17*s.*; The set of Horses, by Paul Potter, 18*l.*; Mrs. Abington as the Comic Muse, after Sir Joshua Reynolds, 22*l.*; The Farm-yard, 18*l.*; Inverary Castle, 24*l.* These last two were from Turner's "Liber Studiorum."

The same auctioneers sold a collection of rare prints, the property of an officer in the army. The following were by Dürer: Adam and Eve, 53*l.* 10*s.*; The Nativity, with Joseph drawing water from a well, 31*l.*; another, 27*l.*; The set of "The Passion," 32*l.*; another, 22*l.*; The Conversion of St. Hubert, 39*l.*; another, 30*l.*; St. Jérôme, 32*l.*; The Sorceress, 20*l.*; "Melancolia," 40*l.*; An Es cutcheon, 22*l.* 10*s.* The illustrations of the Apocalypse, by Jean Duvet, 150*l.*; View of the Campo-Vaccino, by Claude, 23*l.*; "The Passion," by Glockenton, 44*l.* 10*s.*; Van Leyden, Adam and Eve (before the letter L), 40*l.*; Conversion of St. Paul, 30*l.*; The Dance of the Magdalen, 50*l.*; Marc Antonio, The Almighty appearing to Noah, 75*l.*; The Virgin seated on the Clouds, 110*l.*; St. Cecilia, 106*l.*; another, on darker paper, 22*l.*; Lucretia, 197*l.*; Mount Parnassus, 20*l.*; The Old and the Young Bacchant, 40*l.*; Orpheus and Eurydice, 26*l.*; The Man with the Two Trumpets, 53*l.*; "Poetry" (first state), 186*l.*; The Seven Virtues, in niches, 32*l.*; "Adam and Eve," before the hard outlines on the arms, and the "Cleopatra" in an early state, hitherto undescribed, the former 485*l.*, and the latter 369*l.*

A copy of the "Heures d'Anne de Bretagne," by M. Curmer, on vellum, was sold the other day in Paris for 16,000 francs.

In a sale of books just concluded by Messrs. Puttick & Simpson, of Leicester Square, London, there

appeared a copy of Vyrghyle's "Boke of Eneydos," translated and printed by William Caxton, 1490, which, although wanting two pages, was knocked down for 191*l.*

The late Mr. George Daniel, so well known for his book-lore, condensed much of the results of his wide knowledge and voluminous acquisitions of rare "broad-sides" into a series of gossiping articles, published some thirty years ago in *Bentley's Miscellany*, under the title of "Merrie England in the Olden Time." These papers were duly republished in expensive volumes, which are now somewhat rare. A cheap reissue was much to be desired, and we are glad to say that this has been carried out by Messrs. F. Warne & Co., of London, in their "Chandos Library." The work can now be bought in this handy form for three shillings and sixpence, with plates by Leech and Robert Cruikshank.

Miss Thackeray, daughter of the celebrated novelist, W. Makepeace Thackeray, publishes the following warning to the public: "It has recently come to my knowledge, by the kindness of a friend, that letters and manuscripts are being frequently offered for sale as autographs of my father. Some which I have seen are rather clumsy forgeries; but they were sufficiently well executed to impose upon persons already familiar with my father's handwriting. May I therefore beg you to publish this letter, in order to check a fraud which might incidentally be injurious to my father's memory? In one case a letter attributed to him had been manufactured by copying a fragment from a magazine article not written by him, and appending his signature; and I should much regret that correspondence so compiled should be attributed to him."

The *Saturday Review* is notorious for its lofty disregard of facts, whenever it condescends to treat of American subjects. A late example of its brilliant mendacity, in which, however, it was evidently led astray by a parliamentary statement, was the announcement that "a newspaper, called the *Congressional Globe*, is recognised as the official record of Congress, and receives for reporting and printing the debates a subsidy of something over £50,000 each session." This was true at one time, but it seems to

have escaped the notice of the oracle of Southampton Street that the broom of reform swept the *Congressional Globe* out of existence twelve months ago, and that its place is now occupied by the *Congressional Record*, issued from the State printing department, at a cost to the nation of so much paper, print, and reporting. The fact is probably of little importance; but as it was given as a fact, it might as well have been correctly stated.

One day Louis XV. surprised Mdlle Genest, afterwards Madame Campan, dancing by herself in front of a huge mirror. His Majesty stopped and waited until the young lady had finished her solitary waltz, and then said to her, as she courtesied, red with confusion, before him: "Mademoiselle, they tell me you are a very learned person. How many languages do you speak?" "Six, your Majesty," answered Mademoiselle. "Do you sing?" "Yes, your Majesty." "You dance, I know?" "Yes, your Majesty," quoth Mademoiselle, still bobbing courtesies. "You draw?" "Yes, your Majesty." "God help your husband, whenever you get one," said the monarch, as he turned on his heel.

The play upon which Mr. Horace Howard Furness, of Philadelphia, is now engaged for his superb edition of Shakespeare, is "Hamlet." Mr. Furness has, we hear, entirely finished the collation of the "Hamlet" text in the folios and quartos, and is half through the collation of some fifty modern editions. Uniform in size, and in all essential particulars, with the handsome volumes of her husband's edition, Mrs. Furness has, in her enthusiasm and devotion to the same cause, produced a complete "Concordance to Shakespeare's Poems; an Index to every word therein contained." This beautiful book is a literal fulfilment of the title. It comprises every instance of the use of any part of speech, even to the most minute, throughout "Venus and Adonis," "The Rape of Lucrece," the "Sonnets," "A Lover's Complaint," "The Passionate Pilgrim," and "The Phoenix and Turtle." To facilitate reference, the clause in which the required word stands and the number of the line are both given; and "that nothing may be wanting to the convenience of the student, the whole of the poems are reprinted at the end."

*Diabolical.*—Some years since, it will be remembered, the Rev. W. R. Alger published a catalogue of works relating to the future life. We do not remember that he took cognizance, however, of the superintendent of the lower regions, a deficiency which is to be remedied by Mr. Henry Kernot, with a *catalogue raisonné* of books relating to the devil. The appearance of his infernal majesty in history and letters will be chronicled with very full annotations, the books being catalogued in chronological

order. It will be forwarded on receipt of twenty-five cents, or with twelve illustrations, representing the devil at different epochs, for fifty cents.—*Publisher's Weekly.*

*A Good Answer.*—A well known idiot, named James Fraser, belonging to the Parish of Lunan, in Forfarshire, Scotland, quite surprised people sometimes by his replies. The congregation of his parish church had for some time distressed their minister by their habit of sleeping in church. He had often endeavored to impress them with a sense of the impropriety of such conduct, and one day, when Jamie was sitting in the front gallery, wide awake, while many were slumbering around him, the clergyman endeavored to awaken the attention of his hearers by stating the fact, saying: "You see, even Jamie Fraser, the idiot, does not fall asleep, as so many of you are doing." Jamie, not liking, perhaps, to be thus designated, coolly replied: "And I hadna been an idiot I wad ha' been sleepin' too." This is only another of the instances where fools astound wise men.

*Dr. Watts.*—A great deal of fuss was made lately by the English newspapers because Dr. Watts, the bicentenary of whose birth has just been celebrated at Southampton, when only nineteen years of age, gave an impromptu description of the first miracle in the following words:

"Modest water, pressed by power divine,  
Saw its Lord, and blushed itself to wine."

Surely Isaac Watts is not to have the credit of that beautiful conceit. Richard Crashaw, the poet, died twenty-four years before Watts was born. The latter knew Latin well, and it is highly probable that he was acquainted with the Latin poems and epigrams which the former composed while resident at Cambridge, and which, doubtless, were more widely read during Watts's time than they are now. In this volume we find reference to the miracle thus:

"The conscious water saw its God and blushed."

*Good News from France.*—Where Young's "Night Thoughts" and Hervey's "Meditations" were once so popular, we learn, with satisfaction, that Cowper has, at last, been introduced to the acceptance of the French public. This has been done by M. Léon Boucher, in a handsome volume, entitled, "William Cowper, sa Correspondence et ses Poésies."

The *Athenæum* calls for a new edition of "The Letters of Horace Walpole," saying that copies are very hard to get, the American demand having absorbed the supply.

*Pope's Rhymes.*—In looking through Pope's "Essays" and "Satires," we have been struck with the number of rhymes that, to our ears, seem essentially faulty. We suspect that he often made his rhymes

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purposely inaccurate, for variety's sake. If not, the pronunciation of many words must have greatly changed since his days. In two instances the difference is strangely remarkable (*Es. M.*, Ep. i. l. 223) :

"Twixt that and reason, what a nice barrier;  
For ever separate, yet for ever near!"

(*Moral Essays*, Ep. ii. l. 111) :

"The daily Anodyne, and nightly Draught,  
To kill those foes to fair ones, Time and Thought."

The legend of "Whittington and his Cat" will be the subject to be set by M. Offenbach for the *opéra-bouffe* he has engaged to compose for Cramer, Wood & Co., through the agency of Mr. D'Oyley Carte. The libretto will be written first in French, by MM. Nizet and Tréfeu, and the English adaptation by Mr. Farnie. The work will be produced at Christmas in London.

We regret to record the death, on the 13th ult., of Miss Agnes Strickland, the well-known authoress of the "Queens of England." The third daughter of Mr. Thomas Strickland, of Reydon Hall, Suffolk, England, Miss Strickland was born early in the century, and her first effusions were poetry—much discountenanced by her father. One poem, "Worcester Field," was praised by Thomas Campbell, but her poems are now forgotten, and she soon turned her attention to French and Italian biographies and to historical compilation. After writing, for keepsakes and for children, "The Rival Crusoes," she, aided by her sister Elizabeth, produced, in 1840, "The Lives of the Queens of England from the Norman Conquest." This work was completed in 1849, and since then Miss Strickland produced "The Lives of the Bachelor Kings of England." She was rewarded, in 1871, with a pension of £100 on the Civil List, in recognition of her literary merit.

"Ancient," corrupted from *ensign*, and also applied to the bearer of an ensign, is in fact equivalent to the British (though now defunct) subaltern, an ensign. It is used more than once in Shakespeare :

"This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.  
The same indeed ; a very valiant fellow."

*Othello*, v. 1.

And again :

"*Oth.* So please your grace, my ancient;  
A man he is of honesty and trust;  
To his conveyance I assign my wife."

*Othello*, i. 1.

English literature at present, as described by the *Herald's* London correspondent, is better in the old than the new. Even in this dull season there are plenty of fresh novels ; but few of them are likely to live more than a year or two. It is so easy to find a publisher nowadays that everybody writes, though, luckily, it is not everybody that reads. The republication of the old English dramatists seems to be one of the most important events in the book world of London, and we wish a similar enterprise would be

undertaken here. The majority of American readers know little of Webster, Dekker, Middleton, Heywood, Marston, Marlowe, and other early dramatists simply because of the difficulty of finding their works outside of libraries.

*Shakespeare's Name.*—The variations in spelling the name of Shakespeare may be illustrated by the following extract from the register of the parish of Beverston, in Gloucestershire, not far from Stratford-on-Avon, and in the adjoining county, for the year 1619 : "Edward Shakespurre, the son of John Shakespurre and Margery his wife, was baptized the 17th day of September. Godfathers : Edward Eastcourt, Francis Savage. Godmother : Mary Eastcourt." Edward Estcourt was an ancestor of the Right Hon. T. H. S. Sotherton-Estcourt, of Estcourt, five miles distant from Beverston. Francis Savage and Mary Estcourt married in 1621, being ancestors of the Savages of Tetbury. The Hicks family, ancestors of Sir Michael Hicks Beach, had recently bought Beverston Castle, which, until 1597, had belonged to the Berkeleys of Beverston.

*A Parallel.*—History repeats itself. "Instances," says the *Athenæum*, in its review of Mr. Farrar's *Life of Christ* "of special pleading might be given were it needful on the present occasion, and of diluted paraphrase which spoils the simplicity of the original words, as in speaking of Jesus's 'eyes streaming with silent tears,' for he *wept*." "Returning," writes Mr. Wickins of Dr. Johnson, "through the house, he stepped into a small study or book-room. The first book he laid his hands upon was Harwood's 'Liberal Translation of the New Testament.' The passage which first caught his eye was from that sublime apostrophe, in St. John, upon the raising of Lazarus, '*Jesus wept*,' which Harwood had conceitedly rendered 'And Jesus, the Saviour of the World, burst into a flood of tears.' He contemptuously threw the book aside, exclaiming 'Puppy!'"

From Germany we hear that the new work of Gregorovius, "A History of Lucrezia Borgia," which has attracted much attention, has reached a second edition.

Mr. John Forster's next work is likely to be a biography of Swift, for which he has collected a valuable mass of materials, including not a few unpublished letters of the famous Dean.

Some rather astonishing figures are given concerning the sale of the works of a popular song-writer, William S. Hayes, of Louisville, Ky. The following are some of the figures : "Shamus O'Brien," 234,375 ; "Mollie Darling," 237,450 ; "Nora O'Neil," 346,644 ; "Driven from Home," 356,345 ; and "Write me a Letter from Home," 446,100. All these figures relate to songs published within the

last twelve years. Neither the words nor music are of a very elevated kind, but they are thoroughly pure and healthy, and their popularity is significant of the prevailing taste.

Mrs. Lucy Audubon, the widow of the distinguished ornithologist, died in her 88th year, at Shelbyville, Ky., on the 17th of June. Mrs. Audubon published a life of her husband in 1869, which was pronounced a very creditable literary production.

Our English contemporary, the *Bookseller*, states: "New books are scarce at this season, and announcements equally so. Edmund Yates' novel, 'A Dangerous Game,' has met with very fair success. Some curiosity was excited by the announcement of an American novel by so well-known a writer; but beyond the fact that some of its scenes are in New York, it has nothing particularly American about it. The author has been careful not to trust himself on dangerous ground, but writes pleasantly about some men and things he saw in New York, somewhat in the vein of a special correspondent. As New York is as much like a city in the south or east, as a French ordinary in Soho is like the old Chapter Coffee House, the peculiarly 'American' character of the book may be proportionately estimated. The truth is, that if a man were to fall asleep in London, and wake up at Delmonico's in New York, he might fancy himself in Paris until he paid his bill; or if he woke up in a lager-beer garden in the Bowery, he might think himself in Munich, and within a hundred yards might find himself surrounded by all the picturesque vicissitudes of an Irish colony. The typical American is singularly hard to discover, and, when you have found him, the chances are ten to one that he will turn out to be a German or a native of the Emerald Isle. The second volume of the 'Life of John Quincy Adams' has appeared, bringing the work down to the year 1814, and also a new book by one of those ubiquitous gentlemen, a *Herald* correspondent. It is 'Mambi Land,' being the adventures of James J. O'Kelly, a correspondent of the *New York Herald*, in Cuba. Max Adler's book, 'Out of the Hurly-Burly,' it appears, is to have the special honor of being reprinted by two London houses, one of which, however, pays the author something. Curiously enough, when the second announcement was made in London, a New York house, thinking it an English book, promptly announced it also."

*Literary Popularity and Discrimination.*—For some time past a poem entitled, "Binley and '46," has been going the rounds of the press, purporting to have been written by Bret Harte. Of course the average editor, on seeing a poem by Bret Harte, grabbed his shears and cut it out to reprint. It

finally reached *Frank Leslie's*, and was given the benefit of a full page illustration by Matt Morgan. The poem appeared first in the *Open Letter*, and its history is as follows: "Some weeks ago one of the editors of the *Open Letter* made the assertion that a poem written in the style of any well-known poet, no matter how absurd, would be copied clear to the Atlantic seaboard. This point was disputed, and accordingly the poem was written in the *Open Letter* office as a contribution by Bret Harte, and published as such. The result was as expected. The papers were sold." In the first place, the complete absurdity of the poem ought to strike anybody. It represents an engineer rushing through the snow blockade without any stoker, and at last freezing to death by the very side of a blazing fire and steam up. The literary fraud proves, first, how much the acceptance of matter depends upon the name it bears; secondly, the discriminating and critical powers of the average American editor.—*Literary Miscellany.*

According to the "American Newspaper Directory for 1874," there are now published in the United States 7,339 newspapers and periodicals, and in the the Dominion 445. Of the American papers, 678 are dailies, and 5,554 weeklies, the rest being issued at monthly, quarterly, and other intervals. The increase since last year has been 464, chiefly among the weeklies. Florida is the only State in the Union which has no daily paper. In addition to those published in English, the list includes papers in French, German, Scandinavian, Spanish, Dutch, Italian, Welsh, Bohemian, Portuguese, Polish, and Cherokee—the German, after the English, being the papers most numerous. The Dominion has 46 daily papers, and shows a total increase of 29 papers and periodicals since last year. The *Alaska Herald*, printed at San Francisco, is printed partly in English and partly in Russian. No paper in Chinese has yet appeared, but as it has only lately been discovered in California that stoning hurts a Chinaman, it is hardly to be wondered at that Chinese literature does not flourish.

A great literary curiosity is now for sale at Pekin. It consists of a copy of a gigantic work, composed of 6,109 (sic) volumes, entitled "An Imperial Collection of Ancient and Modern Literature." This huge encyclopædia was commenced during the reign of the Emperor Kang-he (1662-1722), and was printed at the Imperial Printing Office, where a complete font of copper type was cast for the purpose. Its contents are arranged under thirty-two divisions, and embrace every subject dealt with within the range of Chinese literature. Unfortunately the greater part of the type employed in printing the work was, after the first edition, purloined by dishonest officials, and the remaining portion was melted down to be coined

into cash. The result is that very few copies are now in existence, and still fewer ever come to the market. The price asked for the present copy by the Chinese owner is about \$20,000.

*Gipsy Marriage.*—In the *London Times'* list of marriages on July 21, 1874, appeared the two following curious announcements: "On the 11th instant, at Vallø Herregård, Norway, Hubert Smith, Esq., the author of 'Tent Life with English Gipsies in Norway,' to Esmeralda, the Heroine of his book." "On the 11th instant, Adreg Vallø Phil-lissin, Norway, the Rye Hubert Smith, Esq., romado to Tarno Esmeralda Lock, who pookers covah Lava to saw Romany Palors." By the aid of Borrow's "Romano Lavo Lil," the last announcement reads: "On the 11th, in the &c., Norway, the Noble Hubert Smith, Esq., married to Tarno, &c., who talks bewitching words to laugh at her Gipsy brethren."

The three essays on religion left by John Stuart Mill, of which he expressed an opinion shortly before his death, that when they came to be published they would evoke criticism which would go far to destroy what reputation he had in England, will be issued in October.

The catalogues of books we receive from Germany usually compare favorably with those issued in England and the United States, for the German book-seller is, as a rule, we must confess, better educated and better informed than his English rival. However, the learned Teuton is not infallible, and sometimes carries his zeal for classifying too far. In a recent catalogue, under the heading "Microscopy and Technic of the Microscope," after enumerating the works of Frey, Schacht, and other authorities, the compiler has inserted "Swinburne (A. C.). Under the Microscope; London, 1873."

The celebration of the fifth centenary of Petrarch's death passed off very successfully at Arqua and elsewhere. At the Fontaine de Vaucluse, once the residence of the poet, an address was delivered by the Chevalier di Nigra, Italian Minister to France.

Mr. Howard Staunton, the celebrated chess-player and Shakespearian commentator, died suddenly in June. His health had been for some time somewhat indifferent, but his friends had no expectation that they were to lose him so soon. He was found dead one morning in his chair in his library, with an unfinished letter lying on the desk before him. Besides his contributions to Shakespearian literature, Mr. Staunton was author of a work on "The Great Public Schools of England." As a chess-player Mr. Staunton's attainments were well known. His victory over M. St. Amant won for him a European fame as a player, and his books on chess have long been regarded as standard authorities on the games.

He was conductor of the chess column of the *Illustrated London News* from its commencement, and was a frequent contributor to its literary columns.

The list of pensions granted by Queen Victoria to persons eminent in literature and art in the eventful year 1874 is not very long, nor are the amounts heavy. The literary police of Great Britain and Ireland do their work well, and, on the whole, look after political opinions and morals with an assiduity of which no other country can boast. Yet the pay of such, in the shape of pensions, is probably not a twentieth part of that which Marshal MacMahon disburses for the prosecution and warnings of the Paris press. We have to congratulate the mother country and Mr. Disraeli in particular, that they can duly reward the representative persons of their vast and influential body by the munificent sum of £290 between four professors of literature; or, not counting Lady C. Jackson, whose works as an authoress have not come very prominently before the public, with £190! Mr. Gladstone was comparatively profuse, since the last literary reward he bestowed was nearly two-thirds of the whole sum, viz. £120, upon Dr. Martin Tupper. After all, we must remember that the money of the Civil List is granted the Queen to reward her servants, not professors of art and literature. Art is so well paid that it should take care of itself; and although it seems little to grant Mr. R. H. Horne, a fine poet, a discriminating critic, the friend and contemporary of Dickens, and an industrious author, about the half-pay of a retired postman, yet we are glad that Silver-pen, Miss Jewsbury, and the author of "Orion a farthing-Epic"—all veterans of well-worn and honorable pens—are the only authors found who need State relief. It says well for advancement and independence. The two nations who owe most to their authors are the most dignified in their freedom from acknowledging any obligation to them. In this great country we give our writers no State aid at all; and the British so far emulate our example that they give theirs as little as they can. Lord Lytton, in his palmiest days, wrote a brilliant passage, asserting that "sometimes the pen is mightier than the sword"; it is so, especially in the faculty it has of warding off any expression of its services, whether wielded for literature or science. A steel sword is much weaker than a steel pen; it has only to show the slightest merit, and a heavy pension at once settles on it; whilst the most powerful steel pen remains in the beautiful simplicity of perfect freedom.

*Mr. John Heneage Jesse.*—Another of the army of workers has vanished from the scene. For years the name of Jesse has been a pleasant name to English readers. The class known as "general readers" has had no greater favorite. The "general reader" loves his ease, and Mr. Heneage Jesse, who was a

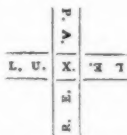


son of Mr. Edward Jesse, the naturalist, never disturbed it. The "general reader" does not care for literature which demands close attention, or which affords matter for reflection. Mr. Jesse catered for the "general reader's" amusement, and was eminently successful. He was the harlequin of patchwork historians, and was here, there, and everywhere. Vivacity he seems to have considered as the first merit of an historian, and he was, undoubtedly, vivacious. Yet he started in literature under very opposite conditions. In his sixteenth year he commenced his career as a poet by a solemn poem on Mary, Queen of Scots. The young author's first step in literary life was inscribed to Sir Walter Scott, and soon after he took for his theme "Tales of the Dead"; these latter poems were dedicated, by permission, to Queen Adelaide. In this respect Mr. Jesse was not unlike those mercurial comedians who fancy they can play Hamlet much better than Launcelot Gobbo, and who occasionally kick off the sock, and challenge applause in the buskin. So Mr. Jesse, long after he had been accepted as a sort of light historian, returned to his early love, and hoped to tempt the world to take him for a poet. He set Richard the Third in a dramatic form, not at all like Shakespeare's; and he not only compiled his readable historical memoirs of London, and wrote volumes on the metropolis and its celebrities, and others on its remarkable localities, but he swept the lyre somewhat ambitiously on the same subject, and left for the admiration of posterity "London," a fragmentary poem. It dealt with the whereabouts of great men in London, and was dedicated to Samuel Rogers. Mr. Jesse's histories were, for the most part, "fragmentary," too; or rather, they were to grave, philosophical history, much the same that colored "characters" on a toy theatre are to the real drama. He had the merit of dressing and spangling them well; he moved them over his stage anything but awkwardly, and he spoke for them in a clever, off-hand manner. But he could seldom move more than one figure at a time; grouping was beyond him. Each of his historical characters goes through the whole of his part independently, and, having done, makes way for a successor. In this fashion, however, Mr. Jesse has told the story of England, from the time of Richard the Third to that of George the Third, inclusive. Within those periods he has, in his own way, illustrated the history of the nation in that of individuals, under the Stuarts, the Protectorate, great Nassau, and the House of Hanover. Of these, by far the best piece of workmanship is his history of the life and reign of George the Third. It raised him above the level of a drawer of characters, and ranked him among historians—not among the "great" writers of history, but in an honorable position next to them. The difference in character be-

tween the last-named work and Mr. Jesse's "Lives of the Pretenders and their Adherents," shows how an old writer may emancipate himself from habit, and develop qualities of a higher kind. In the "Memoirs of George Selwyn and his Contemporaries," Mr. Jesse illustrated much of the social history of George the Third's reign. Finally, to an honored name he added honor. After fifty-nine years of life, and more than forty of literary work, combined, at one time, with the performance of duties in the Civil Service, John Heneage Jesse has gone to his rest, owing nothing to any one in that world which owed many an hour of pleasant instruction to him. While speaking of Mr. Jesse, we may mention that for the last twenty years he never once slept out of London, and that every night (Sundays excepted) he was in the habit of appearing regularly at the Garrick Club, at half-past eleven o'clock, to engage in his favorite game, a rubber at whist, at which he remained until half-past two or three in the morning.

*The Baltimore and "Old Mortality" Pattersons.*—Some years ago, some curious information was given respecting the family of "Old Mortality," investigating the truth of the statement, which had been long believed, that Madame Jérôme Bonaparte, *née* Patterson, was descended from John, the eldest son of "Old Mortality." It was shown by a letter from Mr. Baylies, a friend of Madame Bonaparte, that she believed her ancestors to have come from Ireland, and that they were in no way connected with the Scottish Pattersons. In a volume just published (1874), "Letters to his Family," by Nathaniel Patterson, D.D., with a Memoir by the Rev. Alexander Anderson, West Free Church, Helensburgh, the question has been further investigated by the son of Dr. Patterson, great-grandson of "Old Mortality," who, happening to be in Baltimore, was courteously permitted to examine the will of Madame Jérôme's father. We quote the following passage from the memoir, which sets the question for ever at rest: "The Rev. Nathaniel Patterson, a son of Dr. Patterson, and minister in Martin Town, Canada, visited Baltimore last autumn, found Mr. Pennington, the lawyer who drew out the will of Madame Bonaparte's father, and was permitted to examine it for himself. From this document, which is prefaced by a short autobiography of the testator, it appears that Madame Bonaparte's father's name was William; that he was a native of Tanat, County Donegal, Ireland, and brought up in connection with the Episcopal Church. After settling in Baltimore, he had seven sons and one daughter, whom he mentions under the name of Betsy, and as the wife of Jérôme Bonaparte. There seems no reason to doubt the statement made in the will, especially in view of the scanty evidence for the truth of the story so long and so widely circulated."

The French legitimists are circulating a medal thus devised :



Which is to be read, *lux, pax, lex*,—light, peace, law and the king,—and which means to intimate that these commodities are not to be had separately.

*Fly Leaf Inscriptions.*—The *Intermédiaire* furnishes the following pretty *ex libris*, which probably dates from the seventeenth century :

"Chères délices de mon âme,  
Gardez-vous bien de me quitter,  
Quoi qu'on vienne vous emprunter ;  
Chacun de vous m'est une femme,  
Qui peut se laisser voir sans blâme  
Et ne se doit jamais prêter."

Mr. Swinburne's magnificent tragedy of "Bothwell," which has been spoken of in the highest terms by most of the European and American papers, is being prepared for stage representation by Mr. John Oxenford.

We hear of the death of Mr. E. A. Moriarty, who translated "Pickwick" and some other of Dickens' novels into German. He was for some time teacher of English at a Government College at Berlin.

Let an interviewer enter the closet of a well educated professional man, whether lawyer, politician or divine, and it is astonishing with what avidity he waives all other subjects, and with what celerity he enters into the consideration of the social question of the hour, to wit: "Did Bacon write Shakespeare?" Every thorough college student has pondered the works of the great master of English literature, and had his plastic mind indelibly impressed with the sublime thoughts of him who has been not inaptly described as the original interviewer of any age—one who could interview with equal adroitness and *finesse* either the stable boy or Queen Bess—who could squeeze out of boon companions the wit and humor that sparkled in their cups, or sympathize with the sorrows of the despairing, the stricken and the forlorn. Just such a student was Judge Edwards Pierrepont, the now able lawyer and jurist, the apt scholar and well known politician, and upon him a *Herald* representative called with the following result: Interviewer—"What do you think, Judge, of the question now exercising literary and other circles, 'Did Bacon write Shakespeare?'" Judge (promptly)—"There is no more sense in undertaking to show that Shakespeare did not write the works attributed to him than there is to attempt to show that Napoleon Bonaparte never lived and never

was Emperor of France. A few years ago an ingenious and elaborate effort was made to prove that Napoleon never lived—that he was a myth. But it amounted to nothing. The proofs of his existence were too irrefragable to be controverted. In the lapse of time the ingenuity of some minds is employed in getting up these things—these doubts about men who have existed, and events that have occurred. But, coming more directly to the point, Bacon could no more have written the plays of Shakespeare than Shakespeare have written the 'Novum Organum.' The subject of Shakespeare's originality was discussed and settled at the time of his existence, and the discussion at this late date is only an ingenious contrivance to see how plausible an argument can be raised in behalf of the non-Shakespearian theory. Miss Bacon, who spent a good deal of time on the subject, and who wrote a great deal about it, was insane, and died in a mad-house, and, in my judgment, all people who honestly believe that Bacon wrote 'Shakespeare' are equally insane." It will appear from the above that Judge Pierrepont is among those who decidedly believe that Shakespeare himself wrote "Shakespeare."

It used to be said of good old French books, "La mère n'en défendra pas la lecture à ses filles." A French writer authorizes the reading of a new French novel by a writer of a not over-modest school in these words: "Although the story develops itself on slippery ground, it may be read by Parisian ladies who are already initiated in the strange phases of life by the audacities of contemporary literature."

*Bosh.*—Mr. R. S. Charnock, recently, in N. and Q., writes: "Redhouse renders the Turcic *bôsh*, empty, vain, useless, and *bôsh lakirdi*, nonsense; but this word is probably an abbreviation of the slang term *kibosh* or *kybosh*, doubtless corrupted from *cui bono*."

Spaniards may be congratulated upon at last having an edition of Shakespeare begun, if not completed, faithful enough to enable them to appreciate the original. But Senor Clark, who displays knowledge of both English and Castilian idioms, has certainly a very English name.

A curious set of people has been lately discovered by Captain W. C. Manning, in a village in Northwestern New Mexico, just south of the border line between that Territory and Colorado, and of whom a description is given in the *Denver News*, a Colorado paper. A strong wall surrounds the village, which contains houses sufficient to accommodate 4,000 people. The population has, however, dwindled to about 1,800. The language and some of the customs of the inhabitants correspond to the language and customs of the Chinese. The women are of the

true Celestial type. They dress themselves and their hair in Chinese fashion. Their religion is described as "barbarously magnificent." Montezuma is their deity. His coming is looked for at sunrise each day. Immortality is part of their creed. The priests have heavily embroidered robes, used for unnumbered years. The ceremonies of worship are formal and pompous. The morality of the people is unimpeachable. They keep a record of events by means of tying peculiar knots in long cords. Their government is a Conservative Republic. Power is vested in a council of thirteen caciques. Six of them are selected for life. Old men are generally chosen, in order that their terms of office may not be inordinately long. The remaining seven are selected from time to time. One of them is the Executive Chief; another is a sort of Vice-President. There is a war chief and a chief of police. These seven caciques are usually young men. They serve but a few months. Suffrage is universal, and civilization is "quite far advanced." Woman, as might be expected under these circumstances, is held in the highest possible respect and veneration. Nothing is too good for her, and her only tastes are those of house-keeping. This isolated community has maintained its traditions unbroken for at least three and a half centuries, and it is, in fact, a paradise for women and priests.—*Pall Mall Budget*.

A really good "Life of Dr. Thomas Fuller," the author of the "Worthies," etc., has long been considered a desideratum. This want will be filled up by the forthcoming work, compiled from authentic sources by John Eglington Bailey, of Stretford, near Manchester, England, and will not only be most excellent as a biography of the quaint chronicler, but as a bibliography of Fulleriana. It will be published shortly, with numerous illustrations, in two volumes, 8vo., by Mr. B. M. Pickering, of London, son of the great Pickering.

*The "Jackdaw of Rheims."*—Few of our readers are perhaps aware that the legend of the jackdaw of Rheims, in Barham's humorous "Ingoldsby Legends," is historical. According to one of John Dunton's amusing folios ("The Young Student's Library, 1691," p. 403), the incident is given in the "Holy Recreations of Father Angelina Gazee." The first part of the "Pia Hilaris" of Angelinus Gazee appeared in 1618, the second in 1638. Brunet styles them "poésies mystiques." It would be curious to compare the poetry of the two reverend gentlemen (Gazee and Barham) who have given this legend in rhyme.

*New Shakespeare Society.*—This society, we are glad to say, is rapidly increasing in numbers under the directorship of F. J. Furnivall, Esq. At a recent

meeting the names of twenty new members (including fourteen from Montreal), who had joined the society since last gathering, were read. The first paper on this occasion was read by Mr. F. D. Matthew, "On Two Plays of Shakespeare's, the Versions of which, as we have them, are the Results of Alterations by other Hands: 1. 'Macbeth'; 2. 'Julius Cæsar,'" by the Rev. F. G. Fleay. The second paper was "Mr. Halliwell's Hint on the Date of 'Coriolanus,' and possibly other Roman Plays," communicated by Mr. Furnivall.

Columbus died at Valladolid, May 20, 1506 (Ascension Day), and was buried in the Convent of San Francisco. In 1513 his body was transported to the Carthusian Monastery of Las Cuevas, at Seville. His son Fernando is buried in the cathedral of that city, and it is on his tomb that the well-known motto—

"A Castilla y a Leon  
Mundo nuevo dió Colon,"

is inscribed. In 1536 his body, with that of his son Diego, was removed to St. Domingo, and there interred; but on January 15, 1796, his bones were brought to Havana, and deposited in an urn covered by an erect monumental slab on the left hand side of the entrance to the choir of the cathedral. The inscription beneath the bust of the discoverer, which forms a portion of the monument, is as follows:

"O Resta se Imagen del Grande Colon!  
Mil siglos durad guardados en la Urna  
Y en la remembranza de Nuestra Nacion!"

Among some books and manuscripts sold at the rooms of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, was a rolled manuscript of the Hebrew Pentateuch, acquired a few years ago from a synagogue in Palestine. This manuscript was written in the twelfth century, on sixty skins of leather, and measures one hundred and twenty feet in length by two feet two inches in breadth.

We learn that Prof. Hiram Corson has printed for private circulation some "Jottings on the Text of Hamlet." Prof. Corson is a defender of the First Folio against the Quartos, and his "jottings" are a commentary on a remark of the editors of the Cambridge edition, that in "Hamlet," as they had computed, the Folio differed from the Quartos for the worse in forty-seven places, and "for the better in twenty at most." Prof. Corson's most considerable verbal discussion is on the phrase "a good kissing-carriion" (2. 2. 180, 181), and, whatever else it may be, is an excellent specimen of "conservative surgery."

*Hogg, Wordsworth and Byron.*—Hartley Coleridge used to relate a good story of Wordsworth and Hogg. The Shepherd was staying at Rydal Mount, and Wordsworth showed him all the lions of the vicinity. On one of their long walks Hogg got rather tired, on



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which Wordsworth said, "I'll just show you another lake, and then we'll go homewards." To this the Shepherd replied, "I dinna want to see onny mair *laks*. Let's step into the public and hev a wee drap o' whusky, and then we'll hame!" Wordsworth used to tell the story, and say that at first he was offended at hearing his lakes called *dubs*; but, on reflection, he could not take umbrage—the *dubs* was so characteristic of the man. The Shepherd contrasted the small English lakes with the large Scottish ones, and *dubs* was the natural consequence of the comparison!

Another anecdote has been recorded of the Ettrick Shepherd. It was during Hogg's stay at Rydal that he met with Byron. Byron was an inmate at the Salutation Hotel, and one day he encountered Hogg propping the doorway of the Grasmere Inn, of which the late Jonathan Boll (named in Hone) was then the landlord. It is said that Byron, accosting Hogg, said, "Your name's Hogg, I believe; my name is Byron. We ought to be acquainted!" The story goes that the two poets reached their respective lodgings in a very queer state.

*The Missal of the Abbot Gonçalves.*—In the Library of the Lisbon Academy of Sciences, which formerly belonged to the suppressed Convent of Jesus, is preserved one of the most beautiful illuminated Missals in the world. It is the work of Estevo Gonçalves Neto, sometime Abbot of Serem, in Portugal, and afterwards Chaplain to Dom Joao Manuel, Bishop of Vizen, to whom, as a token of gratitude, he presented this precious work of art. The execution occupied from 1610 to 1622, and the Bishop of Vizen, who founded the Jesuit Convent, placed the Missal in the Library, where it remains. The book is a Pontifical Missal, such as is used at a Bishop's Mass; the critics have always regarded it as a marvel of workmanship, and quite equal to the celebrated one executed by Juvenal des Ursines, Secretary to the Bishop of Poitiers circa 1455, and kept in the Library of Paris. The Polish Count Racinski, well known as an art critic, speaks loudly in praise of this Missal; and when the late Thomas Boone, the Nestor of booksellers, was in Lisbon, he offered 1,000 guineas for it; moreover, a Paris house raised the bid to 2,500*l.*, but the authorities will not allow it to be sold. The Missal is folio size, and is ornamented with eleven pictures drawn with the pen and beautifully colored; they are models of composition and correctness of design and perspective. Besides the large plates, there are numerous vignettes and capital letters, which show a most fertile fancy and the hand of a miniature painter. The large plates are the Adoration of the Shepherds, the Wise Men of the East, the Last Supper, Calvary, the Resurrection, Descent of the Holy Ghost, Assumption, Scourging at

the Pillar, Christ Disputing with the Doctors, Our Lady Receiving the Child Jesus, all admirable pictures. Some three years ago the government allowed the firm of Macia & Co., of Paris, to copy the Missal by the chromo-lithographic process, and the work is now far advanced. A subscription-list has been opened, which includes nearly all the crowned heads and art academies in Europe.

In one of the longest and most curious of the autograph letters extant of H. De Balzac, he refers to the manuscript of the "*Médecin de Campagne*," of which he says: "Look sharp, Maître Mame, I have been long aspiring to popular glory, which consists in having sold thousands upon thousands of copies of a little book, like '*Atala*,' '*Paul et Virginie*,' the '*Vicar of Wakefield*,' etc. . . a book which may reach the hands of the young lady, the child, the old man, and even the old bigoted woman. . . My book is written with such a purpose. . . I have taken for models the Gospel and Catechism, two books which sell excellently well. . ." Balzac ends by asking his bookseller for an advance of a thousand francs, which he wants for a tour in Italy. The money was paid down; but six months after no copy had been sent, for not a line of it had yet been written. The publisher brought an action before a court of law, and Balzac received an injunction from the judge to compose his novel, the copy of which was supplied from time to time in dribblets. There were so many alterations and corrections in the proofs that the composition had to be done over and over again. Besides, the readers of the "*Médecin de Campagne*" know quite well that this novel, like his "*Contes Drolatiques*," which have been recently translated into English and suppressed in Great Britain, is not fit to be put in the hands of a youth, and still less of a young lady.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

*Dictionary of Books.*—In almost every number of the BIBLIOPOLIST I find somebody inquiring who wrote this or that book, or asking some other question to which, even among your readers, an answer cannot sometimes be given. We have many dictionaries of biography, of dates, of geography, of authors, and all that sort of thing; and what we want now is a "*Dictionary of Books*." It is an old idea with me, but I have neither the time nor the means to put it into book shape; but I suggest it to you in the hope that through the BIBLIOPOLIST, something may come of it. In making the dictionary I take the books alphabetically, without regard to

subject, and arrange them by titles, dropping "a's" and "the's." Mostly a line will answer, but the compiler can make his description as full as he sees fit. For example :

Abbott, a novel, Sir Walter Scott.  
 Alroy, a tale, Right Hon. B. Disraeli.  
 Baron Munchausen, a fiction, Anonymous.  
 Book of the Church, historical, Robert Southey.  
 Doctor and Student, law, Christopher Saint Germain.  
 Earthly Paradise, a poem, William Morris.  
 Hamlet, a tragedy, William Shakespeare.  
 Ingoldsby Legends, poems and tales, Rev. Richard Barham.  
 Proportional Representation, political, Charles R. Buckalew.  
 Rebellion and Civil Wars in England, history of the times of Charles I, Earl of Clarendon.  
 Testamentum Novum Polyglotum, the New Testament in Latin, Greek, German, and English, edited by C. G. W. Theile, D.D. and R. Stier, D.D.  
 Iliad, a poem in Greek by Homer, translated into English by Chapman, Cowper, Derby, Pope, Dart, Bryant, Hobbes, Sotheby, Merivale, and others.

BLOOMSBURGER.

*A Proposition for International Copyright.*—Under the existing system, a British author sacrifices his native copyright if he publishes in the first instance in America. I would propose, to prevent that, he should lose his British rights by such anterior publication, and to carry it out in the following manner, by Act of Parliament.

Let it become law that, if an English publisher advertises or announces a book by an author, a British subject, say for a month before the day of publication (giving title and other particulars so as to establish a proper identification of the book), that meanwhile, if, during the intervening month, the author chooses to publish his book in America, so as to obtain by a prior publication the copyright there, the English copyright shall, nevertheless, remain intact, having been already legally secured by the antecedent announcement of the English publisher.

Suppose, for illustration, that Messrs. Chapman & Hall should, on the 1st of next August, announce that a novel, entitled ———, by Mr. Anthony Trollope, will be published by them in London on the 1st of September, yet if, on some day between the 1st of August and the 1st of September, the book in question should appear in New York through an American publisher (thereby securing the copyright in America to the author), nevertheless, no English firm, except Messrs. Chapman & Hall, shall be entitled to reproduce it in England, their right having been already

obtained by the act of previous announcement—an act which, of itself, necessarily presupposes a perfected contract between themselves and the author.

M. F. MAHONY.

*The Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy.*—With respect to the Shakespeare-Bacon theories, which are now being discussed with so much learning and logical ability, I beg to recall attention to the fact that Sir Walter Scott, in his famous novel, "Kenilworth Castle," publishes a footnote, in which he prints a copy of a petition, which was forwarded to Queen Elizabeth by "Oscar Pinant, Keeper of Her Majesty's Bear Gardens." That important official prays of the Queen to take measures against one William Shakespeare, or Shakespeare, an "idle person," who was corrupting the public morals by drawing the people to playhouses, and such like resorts, away from the manly, healthy, "British sport of bear baiting." A copy of Oscar Pinant's memorial to the Virgin Queen is printed in an edition of Scott's works, which I read very many years since. In "Kenilworth Castle," Sir Walter Scott portrays the struggle which was maintained in Elizabeth's time between the advocates of the rough jousts and tournaments of the day and the converts to the new light of the legitimate drama. Sir Walter, in the same novel, makes one of the Court officers read to the Queen a portion of a Shakespearean work, while Her Majesty was being rowed down the river toward the scene of the Leicester fêtes. Scott does not refer to Bacon.

HIBERNICUS.

[Vide also Judge Pierrepont, on the controversy, in the Literary (and other) Gossip, of this part.—Ed.]

*Epitaphs* (Vol. vi, p. 71).—Your correspondent, W. H. C., wishes to be enlightened in relation to the use of fractional numbers in dating upon tombstones (and everywhere else, he might have added), common in the last century. The practice arose from the fact that prior to 1752, the legal year began on the 25th of March; and, to avoid confusion as to the year in which the date belonged, it was customary to give both the years in fractional form for all days between the 1st January and

25th March. Thus: "March 4th, 1748" indicated that while still within the legal year 1748, it was actually, according to the calendar, in 1749.

The date he gives is evidently wrongly transcribed, "Feby Ye 12 1 & 3<sup>4</sup>," should be, without doubt, "Feby ye 12 17<sup>34</sup>."

G. T.

*Byron's Text Vandalised—A Hint to "My Murray."*—Many Americans have seen with regret in the authorised editions of Byron's works, the change made in the reading of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," fourth canto, clxxxii stanza, third line. The text in the old editions ran thus:

"Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—  
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?  
Thy waters *washed them* while they were free,  
And many a tyrant since."

In the new editions we find the third line thus:

"Thy waters *washed them power* while they were free."

If a change in the reading is advisable, and I confess it seems desirable, permit me to suggest that it be made as follows:

"Thy waters *wanton'd there* while they were free,  
And many a tyrant since."

I would adduce the following reasons in support of the proposed change: 1. From an illegible MSS. "wanton'd there" might readily be set by the puzzled printer, "wasted them." 2. It leaves the simile perfect, as at the time Byron wrote, all the countries cited (Rome excepted), had been long ruled by Moslems, with well filled harems; and the post-republican tyrants of Rome also played the wanton, if history be not all a lie. 3. It accords with Byron's accepted expression, same canto, stanza clxxxiv.

" . . . . . from a boy  
I wanton'd with thy breakers."

J. S. THRASHER.

Galveston, Tex., July, 1874.

*German Emigrants in the Eighteenth Century.*—Under what regulations were German emigrants permitted to settle in America during the previous century? In "German Pioneers, a Tale of the Previous

Century," by Friedrich Spielhagen, there occurs the following passage, of which I should like an explanation:

"From the peak of the vessel waved the Dutch flag, but the cargo was German—four or five hundred emigrants; one scarcely knew exactly, for some time previous the men had been sent on shore to do homage, or swear allegiance (huldigen), at the Senate House to the King of England."

This was in April, 1758. JAY AITCH.

*The Dance of Death.*—Will not "Macabees" be a corruption, or a mistake, for Macabre? That well-known subject the Dance of Death is also called the Dance of Macabre, a word said to be a mistake for Macarius, St. Macarius having introduced the legend.

P. P.

*Thomas Volfus, a Fifteenth Century Printer.*—Can any of your readers give me some information of Thomas Volfus, a printer of Basle? My copy of "Silii Italici-Pinnicorum" has the colophon: "Basileal Apud Thomam Volfium, Anno MDXXII, Quarto Idus Novembres."

ACHATES.

P. S.—My copy has a *book-plate* also of this printer, which I have never seen anywhere else. Who knows about him?

"*Out of the Frying Pan into the Fire*" (Vol. vi, p. 72).—The old Greek proverb "Out of the smoke into the fire," corresponds even more closely to our English proverb than the Latin quoted by Mr. Tew, from Tertullian. Plato uses it (*De Rep.*, viii, p. 569, B), thus:—καὶ τὸ λεγόμενον, ὃ δῆμος φεύγων ἀν καπνὸν δουλείας ἐλευθέρων εἰς πυρ δούλων δεσποτίας ἀν ἐμπεπτωκὸς εἶη (utque in proverbio est, populus servitutis liberorum fugiens fumum in flammam servorum dominationis inciderit). Stallbaum, in his note on the passage, quotes the following from Theodoret (*Therap.*, iii, 773):—καὶ τὸν καπνὸν κατὰ τὴν παροιμίαν, ὡς εἰκοι, φυγόντες εἰς αὐτὸ δὴ τὸν πυρ ἐμπεπτώκαμεν.

FR. NORGATE.

17 Bedford Street, Covent Garden, London.

*Dr. Dee's Crystal.*—The newspapers, some time back, recorded the death of Commander Richard James Morrison, the compiler of *Zadkiel's Almanac*. It will be remembered by many that, in a trial in which he was concerned several years ago, it came out that he was the possessor of Dr. Dee's magic mirror, so famous in the early part of the seventeenth century, to which was assigned the credit of having made known the Gunpowder Plot. So widely was this assertion believed, that it found its way into the English prayer books. In one, printed by Baskett, 1737, is a picture representing the mirror disclosing the facts. Surely it is well worth while to see that this magical relic be preserved, and not left to be sold for old lumber, and be lost and forgotten.

E. L. BLENKINSOPP.

[This celebrated relic of the absurdity of the seventeenth century is quite safe and sound in the British Museum, London. It is a pink-tinted glass ball, about three inches and a half in diameter.—Ed.]

*Literary Parallelisms.*—I do not recollect seeing in the *BIBLIOPOLIST* any notice of the following parallelisms. In Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," sixth edition, the expression, "There never was a good war or a bad peace," is referred to Franklin. The same idea, with a qualification, was advanced by Sir William Temple, Swift's patron, who says: "Nothing can make a war good, or a peace ill, but its growing too necessary"—[*Memoirs of Life, &c.*, of Sir William Temple, by Courtenay, vol. I, p. 75.] One of the stereotyped prefatory recommendations of the later editions of "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy" is, that it was a favorite with the great novelist. It seems probable that Dr. Johnson's celebrated definition of oats was suggested by the following remarks from Burton, Part I, Sec. 2, Mem. 2, Subs. 1: "John Mayor, in the first book of his 'History of Scotland,' contends much for the wholesomeness of oaten bread; it was objected to him, then living at Paris, in France, that his countrymen fed on oats and base grain, as a disgrace; but he did ingenuously confess Scotland, Wales, and a third part of England, did most part use that kind of bread, that it was as wholesome as any grain, and yielded as good nourishment, and yet

Wecker, out of Galen, calls it horse-meat and fitter for juments than men to feed on."

B. G. L.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

**BRITISH ETHNOLOGY.** The Pedigree of the English People. An Argument, Historical and Scientific, on the Formation and Growth of the Nation; tracing Race Admixture in Britain, from the Earliest Times, with especial reference to the Incorporation of the Celtic Aborigines. By Thomas Nicholas, M.A., Ph.D., &c. (Longmans & Co., London,\* 1874.)

To the above title are added the words, "Fourth Edition." In those words may be recognized the appreciation by the public of Dr. Nicholas's valuable labors. He is the successful champion and advocate of the Celtic race. He shows that at least half of the subjects of the early Anglian and Saxon kingdoms must have been of the "British" race. He traces "race-amalgamation" with great care and ability; and few will differ from his conclusion that "the English people embraces a much larger infusion of Ancient British blood than English historians have been accustomed to recognize." The book is a most important contribution to the history of Britain, as well as to ethnology especially. From first to last Dr. Nicholas secures the interest of his readers by the force of his argument and the attractiveness of his style. We heartily commend this work to our readers as one of the most admirable volumes on the subject, and it cannot fail to be of deep interest to all Americans.

**PEDIGREES OF THE COUNTY FAMILIES OF ENGLAND. YORKSHIRE.** Compiled by Joseph Foster, Esq. 3 vols., royal 4to, large paper. (London, 1874.)

The first portion of this collection of pedigrees is now published, and from almost every point of view we think that the public and the compiler may be congratulated on its appearance. It is hardly more than twelve months since the collection of Lancashire pedigrees, which constituted the first of the series, was published, and now we have before us two volumes relating to the families seated in the West Riding of Yorkshire. One hundred and forty pedigrees are here set forth, and many of them are marvels of elaborate and, so far as we have tested them, of accurate work.

We do not remember ever to have seen more complete and well arranged pedigrees than those of the Howard family, filling two huge sheets; there are others also which we may name, though less extensive and elaborate, yet have special interest for the genealogist, viz.: Bosville, Calverley, Copley, Fairfax (with all the American Fairfaxes included), Fitzwilliam, Gascoigne, Ingleby, Radcliffe, Savile, Stapleton, Vavasour, Wentworth, &c.

The Wentworth pedigrees, as far as here printed, we understand contain the condensed results of the labors of Colonel Chester, an American genealogist,

\* New York, J. Sabin & Sons. Price, \$4.00.

resident in Great Britain. In the Gascoigne pedigree we notice two new baronets as yet unrecorded by Sir Bernard Burke or any other genealogist.

We are glad to find that Mr. Foster has included some of the extinct aristocracy of Yorkshire. Amongst these we remark Clarell, Currer, Hopton, Hungate, More, Plumpton, Pudsey, Reygate, Richardson, Rockley, Talbot of Bashall, Thoresby, &c.

Some of these West Riding families have prospered and multiplied exceedingly. The pedigrees of Cooke of Wheatley, Croft of Stillington, Rawson of Mill House, Stansfeld of Field House, Thornton of Birkin, and Walker of Masborough may be noted as examples of rapid increase, involving much care and labor to the genealogist.

Many of the pedigrees are, as we have said, more complete than any we have hitherto met with of the same families, and to those already mentioned we may add: Creyke, Ibbetson, Sherd and Hirst of Rotherham and Chapel-en-le-Frith, Ingram, Lee of Grove Hall, Westby of Ravenfield Giltwaite and Howarth, Wood of Hickleton (Lord Halifax), Wood of Hollin Hall, Yarborough, and many others.

Many of the illustrations in the volume are of a superior character, but others want finish and are evidently by a different pencil.

In his introduction Mr. Foster says that to him "endless genealogies" are a most interesting pursuit, and the care he has bestowed on this compilation must have been the care of one who is intensely devoted to his subject. He acknowledges, in his preface, having received invaluable assistance from the Rev. C. B. Norcliff, Charles Jackson, Esq., Dr. Sykes, Mr. R. H. Scaife, Mr. Charles Sotheran, and others, and as the "Herald and Genealogist" says—"if the genealogical craft in general wanted any confirmation of the excellence of the work they would find it in the fact that these household names amongst Yorkshire antiquaries have assisted in its compilation and revision."

We shall await the issue of the concluding volume with much pleasure, and hope that the success may be sufficient to induce Mr. Foster, as he has promised, to give to the other English counties the benefit he has bestowed on Lancashire and Yorkshire.

THE HISTORY OF MUSIC, FROM THE EARLIEST RECORDS TO THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. By W. Chappell, F. S. A. Vol. I. (London: Chappell & Co., 1874.)

Mr. William Chappell's "History of Music" possesses all kinds of merit. It is learned, accurate, thoughtful, simple, and thoroughly interesting. Few, indeed, can be qualified to sit in judgment on Mr. Chappell; but no reader of ordinary intelligence can fail to see that his history is the work of a man who is completely master of his subject. He does not simply disagree with Hawkins and Burney as regards their notions, acquired at second or third hand; nor does he content himself with proving them to be entirely in the wrong. He also makes it his business to show how it was they went wrong; how, indeed, considering their slovenly and delusive method of inquiry, they could not very well have gone right. He demolishes, too, the pretensions of the arch-impostor Fétis, whose charlatanism, divined by Heine,

is now demonstrated. We feel personally obliged to Mr. Chappell for slaying this dragon, who from behind the volumes of his interminable but very incomplete "Biography of Musicians," had defied the world too long.

To write the history of music among the ancients, which is the task Mr. Chappell has set himself in the present volume, a combination of gifts and acquirements has been necessary, which few authors and few musicians but the present writer possesses.

Of the three modern musical historians Mr. Chappell shows most tenderness for Sir John Hawkins, who, notwithstanding his sometimes meaningless, sometimes absolutely misleading, habit of reproducing Greek words in an English dress, instead of translating them, worked with more good faith than either Burney or Fétis. Burney wrote much better English than Sir John Hawkins, and when he was wrong—which was whenever he touched upon the music of the ancients—was wrong in an intelligible manner, whereas Sir John Hawkins was unintelligible and wrong at the same time.

The great result of Mr. Chappell's labors in connection with ancient music has been to establish the fact that its history has been continuous from the earliest ages, that the white keys of the modern piano-forte form the "Common" Greek scale, that the intervals of tone and semitone are precisely the same in every Greek "diatonic" scale, and that as our piano-forte keys are borrowed from the keys of organs, so our organs are derived from those of the Romans, who derived theirs from the Greeks, who derived theirs from ancient Egypt.

It will be very satisfactory to the generality of amateurs, who have neither time nor knowledge for pursuing such investigations as Mr. Chappell has engaged in, to learn on such authority as his that the music of the ancients was not altogether different from the music of the moderns, and that, as regards fundamental points, it was identical with it.

BOSWELL'S LIFE OF DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON. Newly edited by Percy Fitzgerald. 3 vols., 8vo. (London\*, 1874.)

Mr. Fitzgerald's new edition of Boswell's Johnson, an old familiar friend, appears likely to be permanent and deserves to be successful. If Mr. Fitzgerald censures the former editor, Mr. Croker, he also acknowledges the merits of that gentleman, who never cared to acknowledge merit in others. Mr. Fitzgerald's own labors must have been of the heaviest; but he has accomplished them honestly, and he may be fairly congratulated on the result. As for Boswell himself, the more closely he is contemplated the more attractive he looks. He was a gentleman and a scholar, and by no means the frivolous personage which some people have taken him for. In his way, Boswell served literature to as good purpose as his idol, Johnson, did in his. Boswell's "Life" alone is sufficient to prove that he acquired, what it has often been denied that he ever possessed or could possess, the power of persistent application to the successful completion of any pursuit. He has been called vain, but he modestly said of himself, "My

\* New York, J. Sabin & Sons. Price, \$10.50.



brain is like a tavern, in which a club of low punch-drinkers have taken up the room that might have been filled with lords who drink Burgundy, but it is not in the landlord's power to dispossess them." But this was not true as applied to himself. Boswell could build the grandest castles in the air, and even try, as he truly said, to live in them. We may all be thankful to the Duke of Argyle, who said to Boswell's father (the judge, Lord Auchinleck), when the son was desirous of a commission in the army, "I like your son. That boy must not be shot at for three and sixpence a day." He went into the law, to please his father. "I am pressed into the service," he remarked to his brother advocates, "but a pressed man, by sea or land, after a little time, does just as well as a volunteer." Even more truly, Boswell said of himself, that once yoked, he was capable of any labor. "I never go into the water of my own accord," he remarked, "but, throw me in, and you'll find that I can swim excellently." In fact, he knew himself better than many who have pretended to know him. It is much to his credit that, if he was in debt, he was honestly uneasy under the burthen, and he did not keep up appearances by periodically compounding with his creditors. He gave up drinking wine, as he said to Spottiswood, because he could never drink it but to excess—which Spottiswood called "an excessive good reason." Pity it is that his son, Sir Alexander Boswell, did not remember his father's horror of "the irrational laws of honor sanctioned by the world!" For a satirical song against a Mr. Stuart, in the *Glasgow Sentinel*, in which cowardice was laid to the charge of that gentleman, Stuart called him out. Sir Alexander told his seconds he should fire in the air. Stuart told his that all he wanted was a withdrawal of the disgraceful implication. They were made, however, to fight, and Stuart killed his antagonist. This was in 1822. In 1857, Sir Alexander's son, Sir James, last of the male Boswells of Auchinleck, died. Six years before, he had succeeded in breaking the entail which his father and grandfather had manifested the utmost anxiety to secure. The entail was set aside on the ground that in the word "*irredeemably*," the first two syllables had been written in the deed over an erasure. There is not a lineal male heir of Johnson's Boswell now alive, but the world has no indifferent inheritance in the one now before us—Boswell's Johnson.

### OLD BOOKS.

BY HENRY MARTYN DEXTER, LL. D.

It is usual to date the rise of the art of printing at the middle of the 15th century. More exactly, the "*Arts Moriendi*," which is a German block-book supposed by many to be the earliest production in the form of an engraved or printed book, is assigned to the decade between 1420 and 1430. Letters began to be cast separately in metal in the form of type (as now known) in 1450. The "*Mazarin Bible*," which is the earliest complete book known to have been

printed, and the earliest printed book known to be in existence, is supposed to have been done by Gutenberg and Fust, at Mentz, about 1455. The "*Psalter*," printed at Mentz by Fust and Schoeffer in 1457, was the first printed Psalter, the first book known to have been printed with a date, and—in its initial letter—the first known example of printing in colors. A Bible printed in Latin and German in 1460, is reputed to be the earliest example of a book printed on both sides of the leaf with metal type. A Bible, in Latin, printed by Fust and Schoeffer at Mentz in 1462, was the first Bible with a date, and the first work divided by the date into two volumes. A "*Cicero*," printed at the same place and on the same press in 1465, was the first printed Latin classic with a date, and the first book of a quarto size. A "*Sermon on the Presentation of the Virgin Mary*," printed at Cologne in 1470, was the earliest book known to have its pages numbered. The "*Collectorium Super Magnificat*," printed at Esslingen in 1473 by John Gerson, is the first book in which printed musical notes are found. Caxton's "*Game and Playe of the Chesse*," in 1474, was the first book printed in England. The "*Kalendaris*," printed at Venice in 1476, has the reputation of being the earliest instance in which the printer's and publisher's names and the date are given on the title-page, instead of in the colophon. The "*Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophes*," printed in 1477, is held to be the first English book bearing the date of its printing. The "*Diurnale Precum*," printed at Venice in 1478, is thought to be the first instance of a *small* book, it being 24mo. "*Æsop's Fables*," printed at Milan in or about 1480, was the first Greek classic printed. The second edition of Caxton's Book on "*Chesse*," issued in 1480, was the first book printed in England with woodcuts. The "*Opus Transmarinæ Perigratonis ad Sepulchrum Dominicum in Jherusalem*," printed at Mentz in 1486, was one of the earliest books of travels, and the first to be illustrated with folding views. The first printed document relating to America is supposed to be the "*Epistola Christoferi Colom: de Insulis Indie supra Gangem nuper inventis*," printed at Rome in 1493.

The entrance of the art of printing upon the 16th century was signalized by the first

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attempt to produce cheap books, by compressing the matter into small space and reducing the size of type. This was done at Venice in 1501, by the famous Aldus, in an edition of Virgil, which was the first book printed with Italic types. He printed Petrarch and Horace in the same year, and Dante in the next. The first Encyclopedia was published in two volumes folio, by Andrew Matthew, in 1528. The earliest attempt to print any portion of the Scriptures in English was that of Tyndal by P. Quentell, at Cologne in 1529. The great Cromwell Bible—the first by authority in England—was printed in 1539. The first book known to have been privately printed in England was the "De Antiquitate Britannicæ Ecclesiæ" of Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, at London, in folio, in 1572. J. Aske's "Elisabeth Triumphans, concerning the Damned Practices that the Devilish Popes of Rome have used, etc.," has been considered the first attempt at blank verse in English, and was printed in 1588. The present English translation of the Bible was first published in folio in 1611. The Genevan version of the New Testament had been published in 1557, and of the whole Bible in 1560. Coverdale's bears date 1535; the Bishop's Bible, 1568; and the Rheims (Roman Catholic) version, 1582.

The first book printed on this side of the Atlantic\* was the "Bay Psalm Book," at Cambridge in 1640; the first Bible, that of Eliot for the Indians, at Cambridge in 1661-1663.

The number of early printed books would appear to have been much greater than is usually supposed, by those who have never given much attention to the subject. In 1471—less than a quarter of a century after the art really had begun to do itself justice—Sweynham and Pannartz petitioned the Pope for assistance, informing him that the number of books they had printed amounted to 12,475. Of course they meant copies, and not separate works; but if one firm had already then sent out so many separate volumes, it is easy to estimate that altogether the number of printed books in the world when Christendom entered upon the birthday of its sixteenth century, must have been really very considerable. Especially is this true of books

which were in demand. It is certainly known that during the eighty-six years [1525-1611] preceding the first issue of our present English version, there had been 278 editions of Bibles and New Testaments separately; and it has been estimated by those who have examined the subject with utmost care, that there must have been an average during that period of *four* editions every year. From 1525 to 154, under Henry VIII., there were fully three annually: under Elizabeth the average was as high; while under Edward VI. the average had risen to eight a year. There were printed on the Continent and in London at least *one hundred and fifty* separate editions of the Genevan version, in whole, or in the New Testament.

What we have here said will prepare our readers to believe that there is often a large amount of talk based upon a small amount of knowledge on this subject. Ever and anon some paragraph travels the rounds of the press, announcing the fact that some lucky individual is the owner of some well nigh miraculously old book. Perhaps it is a Bible of date a little short of 1600, and it is dwelt upon as if it were a curiosity in its line quite like the Siamese twins in theirs. Of course old books are perishable; and worms, dampness, the former barbarous practice of shaving, general decay, and the paper-mills, have made sad havoc with them. And yet there are a few more left, and in their day they were a good deal plentier than most people imagine.

Take a single illustration. For a purpose which was had in view in connection with one branch of study, the writer, when abroad, took pains to make a careful list of all the publications which he could find trace of in the large libraries of Europe which had been issued between 1500 and 1600, upon or suggested by, the one topic of "Church Government in England." Of course no such list, however painfully prepared, can ever hope to claim absolute completeness, but he discovered and catalogued *between seventeen and eighteen hundred* separate works! And the real shower did not commence until about forty years after the latest of these; when the kingdom was approaching the grand debates—on paper and otherwise—out of which came the civil war, and, in its time, the commonwealth.

\*[Mr. Dexter must necessarily refer to that part of America now called the United States, for many works were printed in Mexico long before 1640.—Ed.]

## THE AMERICAN STATES.

The following cutting, in a scrap-book of the year 1840, is worth embalming in the BIBLIOPOLIST:

## ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF THE STATES OF AMERICA.

1. Maine was so called as early as 1633, from Maine, in France, of which Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, was at that time proprietor.
2. New Hampshire was the name given to the territory conveyed by the Plymouth Company to Captain John Mason, by patent, Nov. 7, 1639, with reference to the patentee, who was Governor of Portsmouth, in Hampshire, England.
3. Vermont was so called by the inhabitants in their declaration of independence, Jan. 16, 1777, from the French *vert*, green, and *mont*, mountain.
4. Massachusetts derived its name from a tribe of Indians in the neighborhood of Boston. The tribe is supposed to have derived its name from the Blue Hills of Milton. "I have learned," says Roger Williams, "that the Massachusetts were so called from the Blue Hills."
5. Rhode Island was so called, in 1644, in reference to the Island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean.
6. Connecticut was so called from the Indian name of its principal river.
7. New York (originally called New Netherlands) was so called in reference to the Duke of York and Albany, to whom the territory was granted.
8. New Jersey (originally called New Sweden) was so named, in 1644, in compliment to Sir George Carteret, one of its original proprietors, who had defended the Island of Jersey against the Long Parliament during the civil war of England.
9. Pennsylvania was so called, in 1681, after William Penn, the founder of Philadelphia.
10. Delaware was so called, in 1703, from Delaware Bay, on which it lies, and which received its name from Lord De la Warr, who died in this bay.
11. Maryland was so called in honor of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., in his patent to Lord Baltimore, June 30, 1632.
12. Virginia was so called, in 1584, after Elizabeth, the virgin (?) Queen of England.
- 13 and 14. Carolina (North and South) was so called, in 1564, by the French, in honor of Charles IX. of France.
15. Georgia was so called, in 1772, in honor of George II.
16. Alabama was so called, in 1817, from its principal river.
17. Mississippi was so called, in 1790, from its western boundary. Mississippi is said to denote the whole river; that is, the river formed by the union of many.
18. Louisiana was so called in honor of Louis XVI. of France.
19. Tennessee was so called, in 1796, from its principal river. The word Tennessee is said to signify a curved spoon.
20. Kentucky was so called, in 1782, from its principal river.
21. Illinois was so called, in 1809, from its principal river. The word is said to signify the river of men.
22. Indiana was so called, in 1802, from the American Indians.
23. Ohio was so called, in 1802, from its southern boundary.
24. Missouri was so called, in 1821, from its principal river.
25. Michigan was so called, in 1805, from the lake on its borders.
26. Arkansas was so called, in 1819, from its principal river.
27. Florida was so called, by Juan Ponce de Leon, in 1562, because it was discovered on Easter Sunday—in Spanish, *Pascua Florida*.
28. Texas was so called by the Spaniards, in 1690, who that year drove out a colony of French who had established themselves at Matagorda, and made their first permanent settlement.
29. Wisconsin was so named, in 1836, from the river of the same name, when a territorial government was formed.
30. Iowa was so called, in 1838, after a tribe of Indians of the same name, and a separate territorial government formed.

[With reference to Virginia, we may add a note which is of interest on both sides of the Atlantic. John, fourth Earl of Dunmore, was the last British Governor of Virginia. At nearly the close of his governorship, his youngest daughter was born in the colony, from which she was named the Lady Virginia Murray. Lady Virginia was sister to the Lady Augusta Murray, the first wife of the late Duke of Sussex. The date of Lady Virginia's birth was about 1777; and in "Debrett" of this year, 1874, we find recorded as now surviving, "Murray, Lady Virginia, daughter of the fourth Earl of Dunmore."]

## THE WINDS AT LAMALON.\*

AN ORIGINAL POEM.

Low nestled in thy lap of hills that shroud  
The rising and the setting of the sun,  
My heart is with thee, Lamalon, tho' loud  
And long the winds howl o'er thee—I am one  
Too happy to list out the night to them  
To love thee less for thy grand requiem.

Rave on, free winds! from every swaying bough  
Whirl the gaunt leaf to earth its only shroud,  
Since here snow seldom falls, strike every brow  
Of purple mountain high that woos the cloud,  
Disperse it, and, from bluff to bluff, convey  
The measure of thy music, night and day.

Rave on . . . but spare the nest of that sweet bird  
Which lingers yet companionless to pour  
The sweetest *miserere* ever heard  
O'er English grave upon a foreign shore;  
Perchance the spirit of some loving heart  
Still hovers there unwilling to depart.

Rave on, rave on, free winds, I envy thee,  
Would that my raving could but equal thine!  
Next to the distant murmur of the sea  
I know no other voice that can refine  
And elevate the workings of the mind  
As thy deep-chested anthem, mighty wind.

\* Lamalon is a small watering place in the south of France.

## GOSSIP ABOUT PORTRAITS.

(Continued.)

## IV.—ON ENGRAVED PORTRAITS, AND THEIR INSCRIPTIONS.

WITH REMARKS ON PLAGIARISMS.

Those exquisite lines, at least the first five of the following, by Bishop Percy, in his ballad of "The Friar of Orders Gray,"

"Weep no more, lady, weep no more;  
Thy sorrow is in vain:  
For violets pluck'd, the sweetest shower  
Will ne'er make grow again.

"Our joys as winged dreams do fly,  
Why then should sorrow last?  
Since grief but aggravates the loss,  
Grieve not for what is past,"

are taken, but improved in melody, from the "sad song" in "The Queen of Corinth," by Fletcher:

"Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,  
Sorrow calls no time that's gone:  
Violets pluck'd, the sweetest raine  
Makes not fresh nor grow again;  
Trim thy looks, look cheerefully;  
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see.  
Joys as winged dreams fly fast,  
Why should sadness longer last?  
Griefe is but a wound to woe;  
Gent'lest fair, mourne no moe."

Act iii., scene 2.

The iteration in the first line of Percy's stanza recalls Shakespeare's song in "Much Ado About Nothing,"

"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,"

which, indeed, is given almost bodily, with others from Shakespeare, in other parts of the poem. It is true, Percy acknowledges that he has only strung together fragments of old songs and woven them into a story, but few know of this explanation, and the plagiarism is scarcely lessened by the confession, nor is the act justified.

Raffaële, Rubens and other great painters have been equally guilty of plagiarisms, and justification has been pleaded, because they needed not have taken of meaner men, as if a theft by a wealthy person were less an offence than that by a starving wretch; but, as Owen Feltham says: "There is no cheating, like the Felonie of wit; He that thieves that, robs the owner, and coözens those that hear him."

We believe the similarity of thought, so very striking, between Goldsmith's admired dedication of his "Deserted Village" to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Bacon's dedication of his "Essays" to Sir John Constable, has not before been noticed.

Goldsmith says: "The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this Poem to you." Bacon's to Sir John Constable runs thus: "My last Essaies I dedicated to my deare brother Master Anthony Bacon. . . . Missing my brother, I found you next." This is the dedication to the fourth edition of the "Essays," but the idea of the same cumulative, or rather comparative compliment is again expressed in the dedication of the ninth edition to the Duke of Buckingham: "My 'Instauration' I dedicated to the KING; my 'History of Henry VIII.' and my 'Portions of Natural History' to the PRINCE; and these [Essays] I dedicate to YOUR GRACE." If we acknowledge a plagiarism here, we must also acknowledge how the expression is improved by Goldsmith, verifying Johnson's encomium in the celebrated epitaph he wrote on his friend:

"Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit."

Disraeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," says: "Were we to investigate the genealogy of our best modern stories we should often discover the illegitimacy of our favorites; and retrace them frequently to the East." There was some time back a very sparkling article in the London *Review* on the "Paternity of Anecdotes," proving how seldom is the real father known. For a long time it was assumed that the expression, "Comparisons are odorous," was one of dear old Mrs. Malaprop's. It is really Dogberry's, as was pointed out some years since by a writer in the *Athenæum*. What, by the bye, is the age of the original saying, "Comparisons are odious?" It is one of those one-sided proverbs that are usually very foolish, but it must be older at least than Shakespeare. Charles I. uses it in one of his letters to Mr. Henderson, in the year 1643. Shakespeare, of course, was earlier, viz.: 1600, the date of the first edition of "Much Ado About Nothing;" but it may be found also in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," in George



Herbert's "Jacula Prudentum," and in Heywood's "A Woman Killed with Kindness," and probably is very much older. Of course, comparisons are generally "odious" to one party, as *Thomas Corneille*, the brother of the celebrated *Pierre*, and an emulator of his fame in the same pursuit, must have experienced on seeing inscribed under his portrait the following verses, by Gacon :

"Voyant le portrait de Corneille,  
Gardez-vous de crier merveille;  
Et dans vos transports n'allez pas  
Prendre ici *Pierre* pour *Thomas*."

#### V.—PORTRAITS AND PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

Evelyn, in his "Sculptura," quoting from Horace, says that Alexander the Great ordained that no one should take his portrait on *gems* but Pyrgoteles; no one should *paint* him but Apelles; and no one should stamp his head on *coins* but Lysippus. They were in fact Painters, &c., "in ordinary to the King, by appointment," as Sir Thomas Lawrence and other painters of a later day, though the "appointment" in the Greek court was of a more exclusive character. We have no remains of the works of Apelles, but the gems and coins of Alexander are superb, and quite excuse the monopoly. Alexander, by the bye, was the first king who had his portrait impressed on coins, only the gods having that honor previous to his assumed deification in the temple of Jupiter Ammon. The generals of Alexander, as they procured to themselves the title of king, assumed the privilege of having their portraits stamped on their coins, and so the practice became a custom. Queen Elizabeth tried ineffectually to prevent her sacred features being distorted and multiplied by bad pictures. She ordered Isaac Oliver to paint her without any shadows, thinking, I suppose, by that means to soften the asperity of her remarkably high nose; but Isaac Oliver was not the only artist who attempted the portrait of the Queen, and it was not till she had reigned five years, by which time much of the mischief—or good—was done, that her majesty thought of doing in a partial way what Alexander had done. There is extant a proclamation in the hand-writing of Cecil, dated 1563,

which prohibits "all manner of persons to draw, paynt, grave, or pourtrayit hir majesty's personage, or visage for a time, until by some perfect patron and example, the same may be by others followed, &c.—and for that hir majestie perceiveth that a grete number of her loving subjects [not her majesty herself!] are much greved and take grete offence with the errors and deformities allredy committed by sondry persons in this behalf, she straightly chargeth all hir officers and ministers to see to the due observance hereof, and as soon as may be to reforme the errors already committed," &c. Although there are portraits of the Queen by Ant. More, Hilliard, Zuccherro, &c., it is probably the picture by Oliver which was preserved as the pattern or "patron," and the number copied from this, or from some other picture, was so great that "being called in and brought to Essex House (where the Earl of Leicester then lived) they did for several years furnish the pastry-men with peels for the use of their ovens." A great many must, however, we are afraid, have escaped this sacrifice, for the number of portraits of Queen Elizabeth in existence is uncountable.—Perhaps free trade in portraits—notwithstanding the apparent power of the Alexander argument to the contrary—is better after all than protection, and it might have fared better with Elizabeth's portraits, had she submitted her features to the free and unfettered genius of the most renowned painters of all countries of her time. An old writer, Charles Aleyn, in a poem entitled "The Historie of that wise and fortunate Prince Henrie, of that name the seventh, King of England," 1638, which is full of "high and quicke sentence," in excuse for Henry's imperfections, says:

"A constant cleernesse is above the law  
Of Mortal, nor within that Region stands.  
As those elaborate peeces, which doe draw  
Breath from exact Van-Dyk's unerring hands  
Are deeply shadow'd, and a duskie sable  
Doth clow'd the borders of the curious table."

It would almost seem that a re-action from the shadowless pictures of Elizabeth had strongly set in, and that the *chiaro' scuro* of Vandyck was the great attraction of the new style of painting in England. Perhaps this may account for the "duskie sable" of many of the second-rate pictures of the succeeding period of the Common-

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wealth, when people appear generally to have sat for their portraits "to have them full of shadowe."

But compare those times with these!—As respects the facilities for procuring portraits of celebrated characters, how great is the contrast between the present day and the days of Elizabeth and Charles, of Ashmole and Evelyn, when the publication of a portrait by Pass, by Faithorne, or by Blooteling, was an event of comparative rarity. The portraits so often published in the illustrated newspapers, and the photographs in the store windows, make every one familiar with the features of our public men, or of men and women famous for their productions or actions, or otherwise worthy of public esteem.

We wonder nobody has ever written a poem on portraits. Almost every poet has had something to say on the subject, and yet each has contented himself with but a few lines, and in many cases these have been only the vehicle for mere inflated bombast or turgid artificial sentiment. Yet what a variety of natural thoughts are conjured up by the sight of a portrait! Tender, pathetic, grave, gay, humorous, every feeling of the heart, every quality of the mind, may be excited by portraits. The wonder of resemblance is the most impressive effect on the untutored. This is the sentiment prominently expressed by poets when they indite "lines" on the subject, and when they branch off to inflated praises of the original, alternating with compliments to the artist, and—nothing more. Vanity seems the prevailing idea, and yet frequently that is the very idea that should find no place.

In the present era of photography it will scarcely be understood how very vain people used to think they would be thought if they were to have their portraits taken! Montesquieu for a long time declined to be painted, until at last he was induced to sit to Dassier, on the artist using the argument, "Do you not think that there is as much pride in refusing my offer as in accepting it?" The portrait prefixed to his works seems to have been taken from the medal which Dassier made.

There is so much beneath the paint of a fine portrait that almost every such is a poem in itself, could we "observingly distil it out." If we read Cowper's thoughts

on his mother's picture, we shall see how well he could have written a Poem on Portraits, had he thought of doing so; and, contrasting his feeling with the book-work of others—the coffee-house poets of his own and the preceding age—we may see the difference between nature and artificiality.

"ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE OUT OF NORFOLK, THE GIFT OF MY COUSIN, ANN BODHAM.

O that those lips had language! Life has passed  
With me but roughly since I heard thee last;  
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,  
The same that oft in childhood solaced me:  
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,  
'Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!'  
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes  
(Blessed be the Art that can immortalize—  
The Art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim  
To quench it—) here shines on me still the same.  
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,  
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!"

No one can read these lines—let his mother be by his side, or far away, or for ever in this life parted from him—without feeling the sympathetic thrill of that "touch of nature" common to us all.

Very different are the ordinary "Lines on seeing the portrait of —," to be found in Waller, Dryden, Congreve, Prior, Pope, etc., of which some specimens may be seen in other parts of these bits of "Gossip."

(To be continued.)

#### THE BARKER SALE.

The library of the late Mr. Alexander Barker was sold in London early in July by Messrs. Christie, Manson & Woods. Many of the books were in the original morocco bindings, the work of Padeloup, Derome, Bradel, Bozerian, Lortic, Capé, Nidré, Petit, &c. The following realized high prices: Boccaccio, *Il Decamerone*, engravings after Boucher, Gravelot, &c., with the suppressed plates inserted, 39*l.* 18*s.*; Laborde, *Choix de Chansons mises en Musique*, engravings after Moreau, &c., 4 vols., large paper, bound in red morocco by Derome, formerly in Mr. Bernal's library, 103*l.*; La Fontaine, *Contes et Nouvelles*, édition des *Fermiers Généraux*, with the plates of "Le Cas de Conscience" and "Le Diable

de Papefiguière," in the first state, 2 vols., blue morocco, beautifully bound by Bradel, the copy formerly in Mr. Slade's library, 59*l.*; Fables, 6 vols., engravings, Paris, 1765-75, 40*l.*; Le Sage, Gil Blas, plates, 4 vols., Paris, 1771, 30*l.* Longus, Les Amours Pastorales de Daphnis et Chloe (traduit du Grec par Jacques Amyot), plates by Audran, from the designs of Philippe, duc d'Orleans, Paris, 1718; this small volume is preserved in the red morocco case which contained it when in the library of M. Pixérécourt; it formerly belonged to M. Chastre de Gangé, valet de chambre of the Regent, and has the marginal notes of Antoine Lancelot, which were afterwards used in the edition of 1745; it also contains the following interesting additions: Proof portrait of Amyot, before letters; the original drawing in pen and ink, by the Regent, for the engraving known as "Les Petits Pieds"; a pen-and-ink drawing of the same subject, by Massé; etching of the same subject made by Count de Caylus in 1728, with counterproof; another engraving of the same subject, which was not published; a leaf containing a list of the plates as first projected, but of which only a portion was executed, written in 1712 entirely in the autograph of the Regent; this unique volume, at Baron Taylor's sale in 1853, sold for 42*l.*; it now sold for 80*l.* Molière, Œuvres, par Auger, Paris, 1819, 9th vol., 8vo, proof plates, after Vernet, with 164 additional engravings, proofs before letters, bound in red morocco in Harleian style by C. Lewis: the additional illustrations and portraits, selected by the late Mr. Bernal, to whom the copy belonged, 81*l.* Montesquieu, Le Temple de Gnide, the text engraved, engravings by Eisen, 8vo., Paris, 1772, binding by Derome, in red morocco, tooled and ornamented with colored leathers, formerly in the library of M. du Burr, 101*l.*; Ariosto, Orlando Furioso, plates, 4 vols. in 7, 4to, Venezia, 1773, with 610 additional engravings, many rare portraits, and 46 pen-and-ink portraits of illustrious personages by an Italian artist, bound in yellow morocco, dentelle borders, and gilt edges, by Wright, 78*l.* 15*s.*; Du Sommerard, Art au Moyen-Age, Paris, 1838-46, 4 vols., atlas fol., 5 vols., 8vo, text, 70*l.*; La Fontaines Fables Choiesies, 4 vols., folio, engraving, after Oudry, Paris, 1755, bound by Pade-

loup, 200*l.*; A. Pope's Works, 9 vols., 8vo, 1766, Dr. Hawtrey's copy, 33*l.* 12*s.*; Rétif le Bretonne, les Contemporaines, ou, Aventures des plus Jolies Femmes de l'Age Présent, with all the curious engravings, proofs before letters, 42 vols., 8vo, Leipzig, 1781-85, 36*l.*; Ovid, Métamorphoses, en Latin et en Français, engravings after Boucher, Eisen, Gravelot, Moreau, &c., 4 vols., 8vo., Paris, 1767, 33*l.*; Rabelais, Œuvres, avec des Remarques par Le Duchat, plates by Picart, 3 vols., 4to, Amsterdam, 1741, old French morocco, 40*l.*; Walton and Cotton, Complete Angler, with memoirs and notes by Sir H. Nicholas, 2 vols. in 1, 4to, engravings after Stothard and Inskipp, with 444 additional portraits and plates, and Absolon's and Corbould's illustrations, Pickering, 1836, 81*l.*; Musée Français et Musée Royal, 7 vols., proofs before the letters, half-bound French red morocco, uncut, Paris, 1803-18, 155*l.*; Shaw, Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages, 2 vols., folio, 35*l.* The sale occupied two days, and the total amounted to 4,019*l.*

*Washington Portrait.*—Hon. Robert C. Winthrop writes to the Massachusetts Historical Society of a portrait of Washington soon to come into their possession, to which considerable interest of an accidental sort attaches. A portrait of Washington by some unknown painter of inferior capacity was painted for the Stadtholder of Holland in 1780, and was captured, together with Laurens, our minister plenipotentiary to Holland, in whose care it presumably was, when on his way to the Hague; the captor was Captain Keppel of the British Navy, who presented the portrait to his uncle, Admiral Lord Keppel, and it thus became one of the treasures of Quidenham Park in Norfolk, the seat of the Earl of Albemarle, the present head of the Keppel family. "The main interest of the portrait," Mr. Winthrop writes, "is derived from the fate which befell it, from the period of Washington's life at which it was taken, and from the broad blue ribbon which is so conspicuous a feature of his costume." The ribbon could not be accounted for by those who examined the picture, and was indeed held to confirm the mistaken notion that Washington was made a marshal of France, when Rochambeau was sent over to our aid; but Mr. Winthrop reminds the society of a paper upon this subject prepared by the late Judge Warren, showing that the blue ribbon was prescribed as the distinctive designation of the commander-in-chief, so that he might be recognized by the troops to whom on his first coming he was so entire a stranger. A fac-simile of this painting and also of the frame have been obtained, mainly through the agency of Alexander Duncan, Esq., of London, formerly of Rhode Island, who presents the picture to the society. All accounts seem to agree that the picture is more curious than valuable. It is a full-length portrait of life size.

Vol. V

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